

the **Omen**



...what a long,
strange trip it's been.

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omen

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Views in the Omen (5)

Do not necessarily (7)

Reflect the staff's views (5)

Cover by Dave Frankel

Back Cover by Rene Kinchla

ed. note: In the last issue, a byline for the article "Streets of Eternity" was inadvertently omitted. That byline should have read *by: Brett Engle*

to submit

Submissions are due Saturdays before 5 p.m. You can submit by diskette (Mac or IBM) in rich text or plain text format, and typed hard copies will also be accepted, reluctantly. Label your disks well and they will get back to you. Get your stuff to Justin Philpot Enfield 65C, Box 1448, x4893. You may also use e-mail. Send e-mail submissions to jup97@hampshire.edu.

And be sure to read our policy box at the bottom of the next page before submitting.

Visit the Omen's very simple website at omen.hampshire.edu

They're not organized enough to take me to CRB.

QUOTE ATTRIBUTED TO: Jeffrey Paternostro, on community council



IN-JOKES A-PLenty

Thank You



The OMEN wishes to thank the following in this, our last issue of the semester. In

no particular order:

Karl Moore. Some of you may know Karl. He is a great man. He once healed my broken leg by simply waving his magic wand over the wound. When he drove me to the hospital the doctors were amazed. "How did you get semen in a compound fracture?!" they exclaimed. I told them what Karl had done for me. He was subsequently arrested, but in a matter of months my leg was healed. Thanks Karl! I won't press charges! (Also, you submitted a ton of amazing funny stuff for us and kept layout relaxed and productive).

Gabe McKee. Without Gabe there would be little in our lives to live for. Good touch and bad touch, Gabe has touched us all. He and I led an orientation group in F99, and I'm happy to say that nearly all of our orientees are graduating this semester, in four years, "on time". This is due partly to Gabe's "Parental Homocide Motivation Workshop." Sure Gabe graduated two years ago, but that hasn't stopped him from posting incessantly on the dailyjolt or calling me up breathing heavy and asking what underwear I have on. Thanks Gabe! I'll leave the shade up for you! (Also, you layed out a Best Of issue that we've since cannibalized, saving us a lot of time and work).

Beth Day. Beth Day has done so much for the OMEN, I'm thinking of pushing through a name change. The OMEN would be better served with a name more in keeping the spirit of sacrifice and determination shown my Ms.

Day. For these reasons I'd like the following names to be considered for replacement of the OMEN: "The Drunken Whore," "The Really Drunken Whore," or "The TastyAss." Beth has done things for the OMEN that nobody has done for the OMEN before or since. Thanks Beth! There's a fiver on the nightstand! (Also, without your help, we wouldn't have even planned, much less got around to actually doing).

Aaron Buchsbaum. Aaron has presented us with a problem as of late. Aaron suffers from a rare form of autism. He is capable of sitting for hours in front of an ancient computer doing the most mundane tasks. However, when shown pictures of kittens he is thrown into a fit, demolishing everything within biting distance. We've all been witness to Aaron's outbursts. Once, he gnawed through an entire case of bananas at the mere glimpse of a cute calico, and left the remains plastered to a Nalgene bottle. Beth has taken great delight in the past year showing Aaron kittens of all shapes and sizes. We can only imagine she likes the exhibition of raw, animalistic power. Once she is gone, we suspect Aaron will be back to his ol' self. (Also, he does an amazing job every layout doing something that most of us wouldn't be caught paid to do).

Jeff Paternostro. Jeff has taught me how to live. I LOVE LIFE JEFF! I thank him for giving me the strength and wherewithall to come through a difficult time in my life and meet his cries of "Give it up Justin, just kill yourself" with a manic joy not seen since The Shining. Oh yes, I'll kill myself, but I'm taking an entire choir-full of you screaming fuckers with me. And I'll do it

continued on page 32 **policy**

The Omen is Hampshire's longest-running bi-weekly publication, established by Stephanie Cole in December of 1992. In the past, submissions have included students' perspectives on the campus, administration, news, movie reviews, commentary, short fiction, satire, first born, artwork, comics, and the occasional embarrassing self-promotion. Everything the Omen receives, provided it is sent from a member of the Hampshire community, will be published unless it is deemed libelous or defamatory. Although we find such things amusing and entertaining for countless hours, it is just not an option in this forum. Libel will be considered clearly false or unsupportable writing that maliciously damages a person's reputation.

The Omen will not edit anything you write (except spelling and grammar). You must sign your real name (no anonymous submissions) and understand that you are responsible for what you say. Nonetheless, views in the Omen do not necessarily represent the views of anyone, anywhere, living or dead.

There is no Omen staff, save those positions of editor-in-chief and layout editor. To qualify for community service you must be a consistent contributor and help regularly with layout. Layout times (and such) will be discussed at our meetings. Meetings are held every Tuesday after release of an issue in the Airport Lounge at 9PM. Everyone, everywhere, living or dead, should come.





News, Commentary,
Announcements,
Propaganda,
Editorials.

SECTION SPEAK

Good propaganda is written like a comic book. No facts, figures nor history to get in the way of a good story, just a baseless plot pitting the forces of good against the forces of evil. Everything is overly simplistic. Both hero and villain are clearly identifiable by their costumes. Everything the hero does is innately good and everything the villain does is utterly evil. Super-villains act without any kind of justification or reason other than to be evil. The solutions are always just as simple. Batman can only save the day by pummeling the Joker. No thought required. Nor does another solution exist. Omega Red and Apocalypse are so evil, so diabolic, that the X-Men have no choice but to defeat them in battle. George W. Bush presented the recent war in Iraq in much the same way. Saddam Hussein was a maniacal evil genius who had seized control of a country and was building doomsday devices for his nefarious plans. America had no choice but to send its military swooping down like Superman to stop the wily Iraqi dictator before he unleashed his secret weapons of mass destruction on the unsuspecting international community.

The same comic book format was used by Michael Sherrard in his article "Creeds of Oppressive Violence and Terror." Ariel Sharon is presented not as a human being but as a supervillain. He heads an evil country, populated by evil people.

Somehow, without the world's knowledge, he is hatching a plot of unprovoked genocide and war against the immaculate Palestinians. Everything that has unfolded is nothing but a Palestinian Spiderman fighting another super-villain. Along with his comic book dichotomy, he has a comic book solution: Sharon withdraws his evil army from the West Bank and Gaza. All problems magically solved. A shallow and childish analysis that, like all propaganda, falls apart when put to the test of reality.

Despite being dressed up in the clothes of some fictional comic book super-army, the 400,000 Jewish civilians slated for withdrawal are nothing but families, as real as you and I, with the same kinds of wants, emotions and feelings. They are not soldiers, in fact 60% of them are under the age of 18. "Withdraw" is just a euphemism used by Sherrard and Arafat to expel by force 400,000 civilians on the grounds that they are Jewish. This raises a few questions: What is so dangerous about Jews that makes a forced population transfer necessary? How can a population which is mostly children, be a threat to a Palestinian state? Why is it that since 1993, 100,000 Palestinians have moved from the West Bank to Israel, without criticism, but Jews are not allowed to move from Israel to the West Bank? I have asked these questions in my articles before and have never received an answer. Nor

did I ever expect one, because the answer can only be one of anti-Semitism or Arab supremacy.

Palestinian terrorists aren't super-heroes fighting an army. 77% of their victims are unarmed civilians. Sniping 10 month old Shalhevet Pass in the head on March 26, 2001 and shooting to death Revital Ohayon and her two toddlers is not fighting crime or advancing some kind of nationalist cause, it's murder. Unleashing terror cells against 400,000 people with the clear intent of either killing them all or forcing them to flee is not resisting occupation, it's genocide. The 1949 Geneva Convention, article 49, clearly states that no population can be forcibly expelled or removed for any reason. Despite beliefs to the contrary, there is no special provision allowing the forced expulsion of Jews. Anyone who engineers a campaign to expel a population, even if it is expelling Jews, is a war criminal and guilty of crimes against humanity. The 1949 Geneva convention also clearly states that purposefully targeting non-combatants, not wearing a military uniform to identify yourself as a combatant and employing children for military operations are all war crimes.

That is the difference between the Israeli Defense Force, a military, and Palestinian terrorist organizations. The IDF clearly wears uniforms to identify themselves as combatants. No one can mistake an Israeli civilian for a soldier because all the soldiers wear uniforms. Israel only targets combatants engaged in guerrilla warfare while Arafat's al-Aqsa Martyrs Brigade attacks almost exclu-

sively non-combatants. While the IDF is fighting a war against terror cells, those same terror cells are waging a war against defenseless non-combatants, the very people the Geneva convention was designed to protect. No amount of propaganda or super-hero book jargon can change this fact. Nor is Ariel Sharon the super-villain Sherrard makes him out to be. Sherrard accuses him of war crimes but doesn't name any, because there are none to indict him with. In a feeble attempt to try to blame the tragic massacres of Sabra and Shatilla on Israel, Sherrard fails to mention that the massacres were carried by Christian Phalangist under the orders of Elie Hobeika. PA cabinet minister and Arafat advisor Bassam Abu Sharif didn't fail to hold Hobeika responsible, Sharif publicly called on Palestinians to assassinate Hobeika as late as last year. Nor did the residents themselves, who held massive celebrations upon hearing Hobeika was assassinated on a January 24, 2002. Sharon never even heard about the massacres until 6 hours after they happened. That's why he wasn't found directly responsible in Israel, that's why he won a lawsuit against Time Magazine for libel when they said he was involved and that's why no international court nor any country which claims universal jurisdiction has tried to indict him until now. There was nothing to indict him with. While Belgium, may be willing to press imaginary charges against Sharon, it has nothing to convict him with. Nor can one doubt that the charges are politically motivated. Belgium refuses to try

Nazi war criminals. Since 1990, the countries of Latvia, Lithuania and Estonia have asked Belgium to try 12 Belgian citizens wanted for crimes against humanity in their countries committed during the second world war. At the same time as Belgian officials openly admit that all charges against Sharon will be inevitably dropped because the case against him is so flimsy, Belgium refuses to try Nazi death camp commanders and guards despite mountains of evidence against them.

Vilification of Israel and its leader seems even more perverse when one takes into account Yasser Arafat's active funding and controlling of groups bent on the forced expulsion of 400,000 people from their homes. He gave Raed al-Karmi \$20,000 on January 7, 2002 to start the al-Aqsa Martyrs' brigade. Their are another 156 documented cases of money transfers from the PA to terror cells. Both PA general intelligence chief Tawfiq Tirawi and Arafat's personal advisor Mamduh Nufal publicly admitted that Arafat initiated the current guerrilla campaign on September 29, 2000 to forcibly expel every single Jew from the West Bank and Gaza Strip. Waging guerrilla war against Israeli civilians makes Arafat, under international law, a war criminal. His regime, which personally conducts and sponsors terrorism, trains small children how to use AK-47's and grenades in 70 state-run summer camps, indoctrinates them with a hatred for anything Jewish and Israeli and openly advocates the expulsion of 400,000 people, is guilty of violating almost every single

continued on next page

BATMAN IN BAGHDAD

BATMAN IN . . .

continued from previous page

article of the 1949 Geneva convention. That's not the kind of super-hero I remember reading about.

Sherrard, who used nothing but a comic book story line, even went so far as to claim that in a previous article of mine, a quotation from Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. equating anti-Zionism with anti-Semitism was fake. Actually I took it from a two page section of the book This I Believe: Selections from the

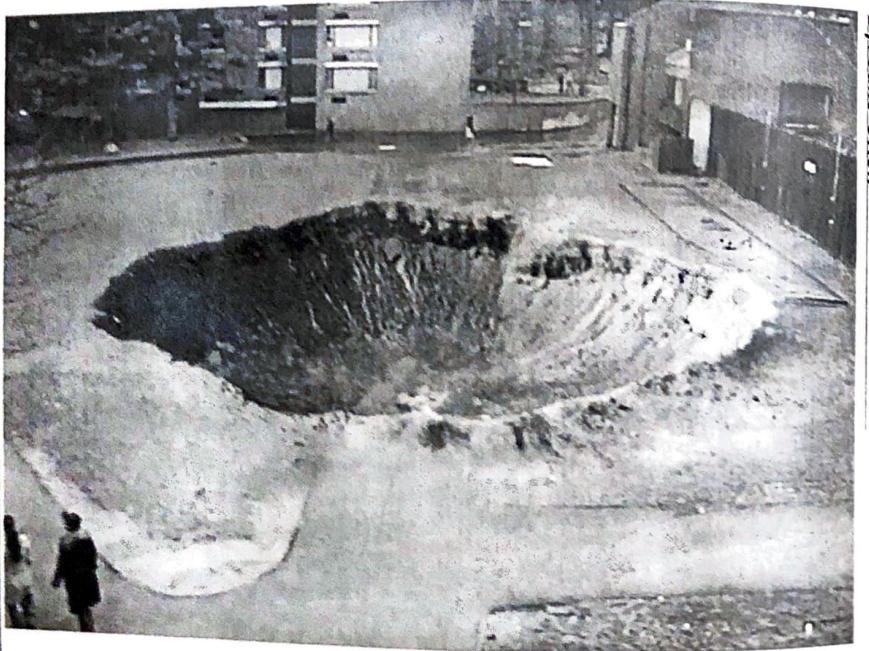
Writings of Dr. Martin Luther King Junior. The book was first published in New York in 1971. You can find King's thesis on page 234-235. In the bibliography, King's attack on anti-Zionism as a form of anti-Semitism is accredited to his article in the August 1967 issue of the Saturday Review entitled "Letter to an Anti-Zionist Friend." Instead of viewing the world in typologies of good peoples and bad peoples, I suggest that those who hold

views similar to Sherrard's put their comic books away and start looking at the actual reality of a situation before you decide to advocate the violent expulsion of 400,000 people and vilify an entire country. All it takes is a little intellectual maturity and understanding. Just end this infantile game of imagining Jewish Israelis as fictional characters or mere words on a page.



by: Juno Orion

"PEACEFUL MERRILL QUAD"



by: Juno Orion

WHAT'S WITH EVERYONE WEARING CLOTHES?

There are approximately 2 weeks left of classes, which means in addition to keeping up with the regular class work, I have four final projects and/or papers due in two weeks. (Which I think means that by the time you read this...there's only one week left...) I'd complain about the workload and the amount of time I don't have to complete it all in, but having read articles in *The Omen* by people who are Div III, I get the impression that it's not really fair for me to complain about deadlines and workload until I too am Div III. Instead, I've realized it's the perfect time to write an article for *The Omen*. In fact, writing for *The Omen* is an excellent form of procrastination. I learned that from reading *The Omen* too. Reading *The Omen* is an excellent form of procrastination also. I figured that one out on my own. The best part about these forms of procrastination is that you don't have to feel completely guilty about not working since a) reading *The Omen* is work, and b) writing for *The Omen* is also work.

So what else have I learned from *The Omen*? You know what's amazing: there's only three sentences in this entire article, so far, that don't contain *The Omen*. And one sentence, other than this one, contains *The Omen* twice.) Well, according to Rebecca Costello's *The Bell Is Back!* the naked-guy on accepted students day isn't a Hampshire tradition. I find this very disturbing. The naked guy is one of my main reasons for going here. Actually,

the naked guy I'm referring to wasn't out on accepted students day, it was one of those potential student visiting days, and it would have been way back in '98, or '99 (I don't remember which). And he wasn't entirely naked. He was wearing combat boots. Maybe it was some sort of protest?

Regardless, my mother and I were scouting out possible locations for my future career in advanced education and we were enjoying one of those tours given out by students with work study. They pointed out all the traditional things, (the bell, the wooden cross in the field behind the library, the metal structure thing near the entrance, etc.) but neglected to mention the naked man. This didn't matter however as he was noticed anyway. I remember it quite distinctly. He was chillin' about in the Dakin Quad, seemingly oblivious to his nakedness. Everyone else around that I could see (all wearing clothes, strangely enough) also seemed oblivious to his nakedness. I figured maybe it was a Bible project, a Div III trying to recreate the lives and times of Adam in an effort to gain new insight into man and god. Now perhaps this scared off some parents and potential Hampshireites, but personally I thought it was awesome. I mean, here was a place where one can engage in higher learning, spend \$40,000 a year, and be naked at the same time! How awesome is that?

Of course, now I'm here, and it turns out the reality is quite different. Well, the spending \$40,000

a year is the same, but the lack of nudity on campus is too hard to miss. What's with the lack of fifth freedom? (...never mind...)

There isn't even a Hampshire Nudist Club. There aren't any clothing optional times at the pool. What's with everyone wearing clothes all the time? I can understand it when it's cold, but New England weather does provide some warm days.

Maybe there are one or two that could even qualify as hot. Now I understand there is some nudity on campus, in the sauna particularly, but, I agree with the *Proposition* which I read in *The Omen*: there should be an All-Community Nudity Day. After all, it's been proven by a group of highly trained monkeys in an orthodox scientific experiment that *The Omen* is better when read naked. (Author's note: this experiment never happened. It is all a lie created for the cause of All-Community Nudity Day Propaganda. It is truth however that *The Omen* is better when read naked. Maybe.) (Author's second note: It is also a lie that the Naked guy is one of my main reasons for going here. He was a point in the college's favor however.)

So this is the final paragraph, meant to conclude the article. I would return to my topic, and sum up my thesis, but I don't have a topic or a thesis. Hopefully *The Omen* will put a cute kitten here instead, or a comic, to make up for this lackluster ending.



STRESS FREE? NOT ME! OR, WHY THIS ARTICLE IS SO SHORT

Today is Stress Free day: smoothies, massages, Games, it's all good. Except for the timing! With the end of classes just a week away, I'm not sure how I'm supposed to be stress free. I mean, if it was impossible for me to do my work, that would be one thing. After all, it really isn't worth worrying about something you can't do anything about. But provided that you can do your work, the looming deadlines can be scary. And if you can't do your work, perhaps you should then be worried about finding alternatives.

But darn it, I don't want to write this Omen article, nor do I want to write my final paper on whether dogs have ESP, and I certainly don't want to write a self-evaluation or dig up and sort all my work for the semester. (I hate how those self-evals always sneak up on me. They're usually unannounced, and one day I just remember I have to do those on top of everything else.) Frankly, all I really want to do is go to the RCC and have a milkshake. And after that, I want to play more Zelda: Wind

Waker, because the five hours I played yesterday clearly was not enough. After all, I haven't found that darn Makar yet. That idiot is never around when I need him.

Why does there have to be so much stuff to do during Crunch Season? I expect the increased workload, of course, but somehow it seems counter-intuitive that there have been more events lately than other times in the semester, especially big events such as Drag Ball, Spring Jam, Hampshire Idol, and Stress Free Day, all of which occurred within a span of a week and a half. The Daily Jolt gets busier too; apparently people aren't wasting enough time at these events, so they have to post more on the forum. And, as luck would have it, it's prime videogame season for me. I gotta finish Wind Waker, then I'll move on to Golden Sun 2 (stupid prequel left me hanging by less than a thread), then I can go back and play Zelda: Master Quest, and by then Wario World should be out.

Given all these things, it should come as no surprise that I'm having trouble getting any work done. I'm lucky that I've already finished a good chunk of it. One final paper is completely finished, and another just needs a few revisions. My ESP paper will be short, and then I have one other short assignment as well as the self-evals. So I'm in really good shape, but I'll still have to do more work than I've done lately. Today this article is all I've managed to do, and yesterday I produced a Jolt comic. Thursday, I might have considered working. Wednesday? Don't go there.

I'm going to write my ESP paper tomorrow. No, really. I mean, it's due Friday for crying out loud! The fact that I was going to write it Thursday, Friday, and today have no bearing on tomorrow, because tomorrow it's time to get serious.

But first I need to collect another Heart Piece. And I still haven't had that milkshake...



BY JEFFREY PATERNOSTRO

THEY'D BE SURFING/
Like California
THEY'D BE WEARING THEIR BAGGIES/
Whoops, out of space. This happens to me a lot.

HAIIGIE! Vol. 5

If everybody had an ocean/
across the USA



THE JUGGERNAUT OF THE WORLD WRESTLING COLLECTIVE

by: Jesse "UMassacre" Weinberg
Height: 7'11"
Weight: 3.5 metric tons
Hometown: Amherst, Massachusetts
Signature Moves: The Keg Crusher, The Flying Guatamalan Death Drop, The Rambam, The Vertical Lebanese Headsmasher, The Lateral Israeli Spine Puncture and a gratuitous amount of cheating
Theme Song: Sad but True by Metallica
Favorite Color: Red, the color of the revolution

The University of Massachusetts is something of an enigma in the field of geography. Though one could easily find it represented on a map or on the Internet, it does not totally exist within the physical realm. Rather it teeters between the real and the swirling colors of a phantasmagoric vision. There, were the immaterial tendrils of fantasy coalesce with corporeal landscape lies the story of UMassacre, a tale of wrestling hideously twisted by murder, sex, betrayal and power.

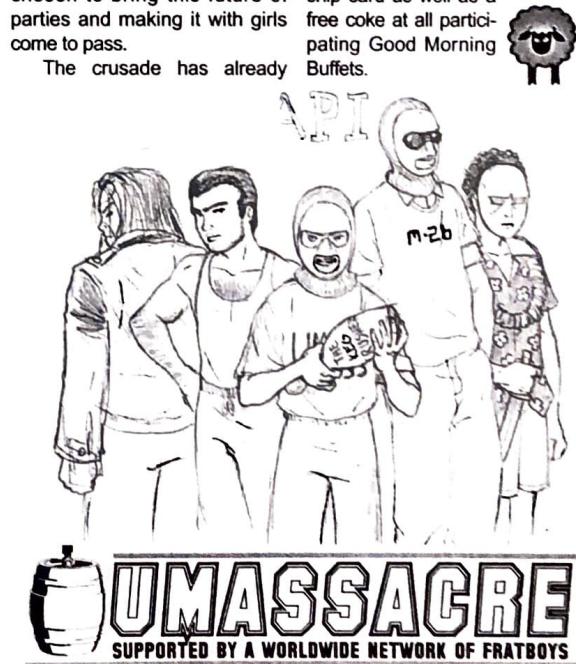
UMassacre is not so much a man but rather a living embodiment of the very school that spawned him. Nor could this beast of rage, hate and victory be satisfied with the petty life that man in his mediocrity leads. Like a prophet in era's past when ideas were worthy of war and immolation, he had a message to spread. The concept he carried was so revolutionary that to even vocalize it was to bring shock waves to

very foundations of reality. An idea so profound only the extra-terrestrial could have conceived it and placed it within the bottomless murky depths that is UMassacre's mind.

State societies have failed. Human civilization is destined to be restructured on the lines of a college fraternity. Bloody and violent revolution is the means. Alpha Phi Illuminati is the implement. Every government is to be dismantled and replaced by a fraternity consisting of intoxicated, over-sexed males with a proclivity for property destruction and Antonio's pizza. UMassacre was chosen to bring this future of parties and making it with girls come to pass.

The crusade has already

by: Jacob Chabot, F'08





VNC FOR YOU AND ME

I really should have started a column like this sooner. Unfortunately, I am graduating, and so this will probably be the second and last article in a series that I would've called something like Stupid Computer Tricks, except that I saw that name at some other site.

Last week's article had to do with finger, something that's fun, but aside from finding the last names of people you get e-mails from or last names of people you know, it's not terribly practical. I'm here to introduce you to something way more practical. It's called VNC, and you will like it if you are ever away from your machine.

Have you ever wanted to use your computer from somewhere on campus? I mean honest to god just use your computer from another computer, where what's on your computer's screen is what's on the screen on this other computer, so you can open up your files or check your IMs to see who left messages while you've been gone.

Well, you can, with a program called VNC. It exists for all platforms, meaning that you can run a VNC server on your PC or Mac or Linux machine and go to any other machine and run the client to connect to your machine from there. Or, if you can't get the program on that machine, it's no problem: you can even use a web browser! Here's how you get started.

First, you're going to need the VNC program. It comes with a client (the program

you'll run on the other computer) and server (the program you'll run on your computer). They both tend to come together, so if you head on down to tightvnc.com, you should be able to find it for Windows or Linux/UNIX. For OS 10, you can either do a google search for something like "VNC OS X", and there are multiple options available. For OS 9 or earlier, I would say that you should search simply for VNC, and go to the first site that comes up. You'll find it at that site.

With Windows, as you install it, make sure that "Start or restart TightVNC service" is checked. Once it's installed, there should be a little icon with a V in your tray indicating that it is running. I'm not familiar with installing it under OS 10 or Linux, but the process should be fairly simple as it's not that complex of a program.

Now that you have the server installed and running, you should find out what your IP is. Your IP address is a (more or less) unique identifier for your computer, as only one computer can have an IP address at once. Your IP address is what you will use to tell VNC to connect to your computer, regardless of what operating system you are using. Sometimes, you can use your computer name (such as if you're on a Windows machine connecting to another Windows machine), but it's more reliable to use your IP. If you reboot your computer often, it will probably change at some point, but if you leave it on all the time, it is unlikely to change. Here's how

by: Matthew Montgomery

you find out what your IP is.

If you're on Windows and you're running the server, the simplest way is just to move our mouse over the little icon in the system tray. A number with four parts separated by three periods is your IP. The first two parts should be "172.20." That will never change as long as you are on the Hampshire network, so as long as you remember that, you will only ever need to remember the last two parts if/when your IP changes.

If you're running Linux, chances are, you already know how to do this. In fact, chances are, you already know about VNC, as well as X forwarding, so why are you even reading this article? Go away! No, I'm just kidding. I like Linux.

If you're running OS X, typing `ifconfig` into a terminal should do you okay, but if there's a better way (and there probably is!), I don't know it. I did it on the eClass server just now, and got a bunch of listings. What you're looking for is something like "eth0" or, what I see on the

eClass is `en0`. The third line down from the one containing `en0` starts with `inet`, and then has a number after it. That should be your IP. If not, a Mac savvy friend; someone should know.

You're almost ready! If you're running Windows, double click on the VNC icon in the tray. If "accept socket connections" isn't checked, check it, and under "password" type in a password that you don't care too much about. This is what you will have to type in in order to be able to view your computer. The configuration options should be similar for other platforms, but I don't know how to get to them on a Mac.

Now that you have your IP, find another computer. Get the client on that machine. If you're on OS X, the vncviewer program is stored on the eClass server already, under Public, so you can just copy that. On Windows, you can just share `vncviewer.exe` on your machine and copy it.

Here's where the magic

happens: run `vncviewer`, and type in your IP. When it asks you for a password, type in the one you put in. If your desktop pops up, congratulations! You're in!

Whew. Long article, but trust me, it's worth it. You can play with some of the other options if you like (such as Scaling), but this should be enough to get you started. If you wanna be sneaky, you can try running the server on a machine in a lab someplace, write that computer's IP down someplace, and then connect to that machine from your room! Use your imagination, as the possibilities are endless! Well, almost.

Oh, I almost forgot. If you know your computer's IP, and you can't get the client on your computer, try typing in `http://` followed by your IP followed by `:5800` into the address bar. That will bring up a VNC Java applet that is slower, but functional.

And this article is way long. Good bye!

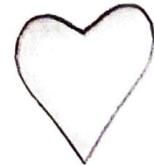


by: John Wible

THE FIFTEEN MINUTE ARTICLE

As the name suggests this is to be written in fifteen minutes. For the last issue of the year I was planning on going on one of my typical diatribes, cursing the people who don't understand the Omen isn't the representation of any group or clique or anything else it's the representation of ALL on this campus and if you don't like anything here you can respond freely, or possibly write how the mod lottery system screws lots of people (I even had a plan to fix it). But I have no time and my allergies are killing me. The pollen count is 11.4 out of 12. And to top it off I ran out of my allergy medicine this morning. But I will not go out quietly. I am at least going to submit my two last two cents for the year.





EVALUATION FOR

I had the sneaking suspicion from the very beginning that Zak was trying to sabotage my Division III. Sometimes I would come home and he would be sitting in my common space just reading comic books. He would be very excited to see me, constantly asking if he could see the newest cut. Luckily I never left him alone in my room. Other times he would call late at night, surprised when I answered, probably testing to see if I was in my room.

One time I came back from class to find a ladder propped up against my window. My screen had been cut but not completely. From the size of the hole there was no way someone could fit through. Then I found the droplets of blood. The person trying to enter my room had injured himself. Quickly I collected a sample and sent it to a lab for DNA testing. As I waited for the results, I decided to confront Zak. Here is a transcript of our conversation.

Shaun: Zak, I think we need to talk about some things. I don't know if what you're doing is a cry for help, but I'm here for you. I'm your friend.

Zak: What are you talking about? Seriously dude, everything is fine. Just fine. Get out of here. Get out of here!

Shaun: Okay. I'm leaving. Goodbye Zak.

Zak: (crying) Shaun, wait. Don't leave me. Don't leave me. I have something to tell you. Something to confess.

For our division 3 films, Shaun Boyle and I agreed to work together. The following is an evaluation of his work on my project.

During our Jan term 2003 shoot, Shaun Boyle's presence made a strong difference. The production was aided by the loan of his glide cam apparatus, and he once carried a light kit. After that, things went down hill.

While on set Shaun had a

problematic relationship with the cast & crew, who he drunkenly referred to as 'the tards'. He would often try to exert dominance over them, and become sullen when these efforts failed.

These frequent emotional shifts came to define Shaun's on set presence.

I felt a lot of resentment from Shaun during production, and in turn slowly came to resent his presence as he again and again tried to subvert my directions to the crew, often giving them contrary orders behind my back, such as 'Don't pan on this shot', or 'Here's a dollar suck my dick'.

At first I wondered at where this anger came from, but in hindsight it's pretty obvious. During his time at Hampshire (which began with Gabe McKee & Justin Philpot's 'sexual assault' workshop, which I also attended)

Shaun has shown a passion for narrative work. Surprisingly to

ZAK KAUFFMAN

Shaun: Yes Zak, what is it?
Zak: I'm being paid by some people to sabotage your Division III.

Shaun: What?

Zak: Let me explain. This thing goes all the way to the top. Some people on this campus don't want to see you graduate. They'll do anything to prevent it. Anything.

Shaun: Who Zak, who?
Zak: I can't say. They'll kill m...(Several Gunshots)

Shaun: NOOOOOOOOOOO
OOOOOOOOOOOO!

I held Zak in my arms as he slowly bled to death on his bed. He asked for forgiveness and told me the names of the people involved. I promised to do everything in my power to avenge his death.

Bah. I wish Div III had been that exciting. So here's Zak's real evaluation.

Zak Kauffman's technical skills proved to be invaluable during the production of narrative segments for my Division III. Always the consummate professional, Zak could be relied on to do any job he was given, except that time he showed up to one of my shoots drunk. Man, that was fucked up.

Well that's it Hampshire College. Fuck you, I'm out.

... GAY

all, for his division 3 he buckled under pressure and compromised this passion, opting to make a video art piece about his parents crying and his homosexual brother. It's become clear that Shaun felt a great deal of resentment toward my narrative production, leading toward his passive aggressive attempts at sabotage. While I do sympathize with his personal anguish, I am sad that he felt the need to project it onto my work.

There were times when Shaun put on a great show of enthusiasm while on set, but in some ways this was even more destructive than his bitter but quiet tantrums. While in these 'happy' moods, Shaun would often play games with the props and sets, forcing others to participate. I recall one shoot that involved a dart board in which Shaun nearly injured several actors by tossing the darts past cast & crew from across the room. I later found out that

Shaun referred to this game as 'tard darts'.

Continued on set horseplay resulted in his involvement in with a broken beer bottle, several botched shoots, and a large chunk of ice being thrown into my crotch.

I'm very supportive toward on set enthusiasm, but there is a line at which it becomes destructive. That line is my crotch.



You KNOW You WANT To HEAR WHAT I HAVE TO SAY

 So, here we are at the end of another semester. And here I am writing these reviews when I should be working on final papers and my Div II retrospective, but let's not get into that now. Let's simply enjoy this time together as much as we can, and get ready for a summer of interning, working, and wondering where the vacation part fits in. Oh, and if any of you can't live without me over the summer, start checking <http://hamp.hampshire.edu/~jcp00/> around mid-May, because I hope to utilize that space to post more reviews. Now, before I leave you with what promise to be the final crop of reviews of the school year, I give you this week's chosen rating scale: Michael Jackson impersonators.

0=Corey Feldman (Back in the late 80s and early 90s, the Feld-ster developed a creepy obsession with the King of Pop, going so far as to sport the fedora and one glove, but managed to pull off the dance moves with a grace and finesse rarely seen in the better half of "The Coreys." Just go watch *Dream a Little Dream* and you'll see what I mean.)

1=Justin Timberlake (Call him the poor man's Corey Feldman if you will, because frankly, with that goatee that he's sporting these days, he looks like Corey with a narrower face. But back to the issue at hand, Justin Timberlake does a better job of being Michael Jackson these days than Michael Jackson

does.)

2=Michael Jackson (Let's just all admit to ourselves that the King of Pop is hiding somewhere with Jimmy Hoffa, Elvis, and Tupac, and that the man on the news today who claims to be Jacko is merely the Pauper of Pop who replaced Michael back in the early 90s after that whole huge scandal he was involved in.)

3=Macaulay Culkin (We all remember the video for "Black and White.")

4=Latoya Jackson (They look so much alike that it's scary. Not to mention that they both have had extreme amounts of plastic surgery, and they STILL look like each other. And have you ever noticed how they're never in the same room together at the same time? I think I may have stumbled on to something here...)

5=Bubbles the Chimp (When Mike got his pet chimpanzee Bubbles a matching jacket and sunglasses, and then taught him how to do the infamous "Crotch Grab," we were all impressed and amused, but when the smoke cleared, Bubbles wasn't fooling anyone. I mean, it's just a monkey in a jacket!)



Buzzcocks - Self Titled (2003, Merge)

Like liquor, voices change with age. Elvis Costello's voice only got better, shifting from the Jack Daniels of the angry young man to the fine 12-year old single malt Glenvillet of the bitter old curmudgeon. Pete Shelley of the Buzzcocks

however, ferments from the open wine bottle of the hopeless young romantic into the piss and vinegar of the aging punk. That's not to say that it's particularly bad, just that I'd rather be hearing the Shelley who sang "Ever Fallen in Love." But, when it comes to this album, one thing that hasn't changed is the Buzzcocks' firm grasp of hooks, lovesick lyrics, and power pop, proving that while their knees may be starting to give them problems, they can still pogo with the best of them. "Friends" is a total return to form, up there with the old classics like "What Do I Get?", and "Jerk" proves that Shelley may be older when it comes to love, but he's not necessarily wiser. It's unfortunate that "Sick City Sometimes" sounds eerily like the Gin Blossoms' "Hey Jealousy," but it manages to unmistakably still be the Buzzcocks. *Justin Timberlake* blew out his ACL because he was pogo-ing too hard to this album.



**Cyclub-
Cyclubcyclub**
(2003, Prescription
Rails/Microearth Records)

If I had to put a label on this, it would be "surf-pop-noise-punk." Well, either that, or "not-very-good" or at least "not-my-cup-of-tea." This is the first full length from this Northampton band, and, while it is rather well recorded and performed, I can't say that what is being recorded and performed is the best thing

I've ever heard. It combines a sixties go-go pop influence with an early 80s No Wave sound all underneath warbles, yelps, and screams in Japanese-accented English, with the occasional out-of-key back up vocal. Oh, and there's a kazoo solo ("Blue Bunny"). While sometimes this works and makes for an interesting listen ("Go Go 2002," "Flowers"), for the most part each song jumps around stylistically so many times that it lacks any real sense of coherence, and towards the end of the record you're left wondering why the album took so long and went through so many songs when there are only 14 tracks listed on the back cover. *Latoya Jackson* loves this band.

**Death By Stereo-
STEREOPHONIC**
**Into the Valley of
Death**
(2003, Epitaph)

Do you still have a mullet and listen to Iron Maiden? Are you bored of that and looking for something new, possibly something that adds hardcore screaming and punk consciousness to your metal madness? Then Death By Stereo is the answer. This is their third full-length album, their second for California skate-punk mavens Epitaph, and it is their most confident and fully-realized release to date. It takes lead singer Efrem Schulz's barbed tongue soapbox ballyhoo, turns it on Catholic priests ("Shh, It'll Be Our Little Secret"), the USA, ("Beyond the Blinders," "Flag Day"), and society en masse, and backs it up with enough force to beat you up and make you okay with that fact. This album also sports some of the best song titles I've heard in a

long time like "I Wouldn't Kiss In Your Ear If Your Brain Was on Fire," "You're a Bullshit Salesman With a Mouthful of Samples," and "What I Can't Hear, Touch, Taste, Smell, of See Can't Hurt Me." And something should be said about the fact that Schulz is one of the only front men to still sport a mullet with pride and who routinely jumps in the crowd to start something in the pit. *Corey Feldman* named this band in *The Lost Boys*, one of the few of Joel Shumacher's movies that aren't crimes against humanity.

**Frenzal Rhomb-
Sans Souci**
(2003, Fat Wreck
Chords)

These guys are the Australian NOFX. Great skate punk chock full of self-deprecating (and sometimes immature) humor, songs about parties and partying, and social commentary sung like a punk-rock Crocodile Hunter. Oh, and they curse like sailors on shore leave. "Bucket Bong" is a nice little love song about a girl that's only interested in Jay (the lead singer) because of his paraphernalia. "Russell Crowe's Band" takes a pot shot at the biggest Australian export since Yahoo Serious and Kylie Minogue, and "Looking Good" is a great song about a man gone wrong that sounds like Lyle Lovett and Fat Mike took over the Beach Boys. My personal favorite song though is "I Went Out With a Hippy and Now I Love Everyone Except For Her." I think the title speaks for itself. *Justin Timberlake* got a Mohawk and broke his collarbone skateboarding to this album.



**The Fight-Home Is
Where the Hate Is**
(2003, Fat Wreck
Chords)

This debut EP from a bunch of British teenagers is so predictable that it verges on boring. Think H2O-style New York Hardcore sung by a 17 year old girl and tempered by the fact that the members of the band are so young and have listened to too much Buzzcocks and Anti Flag for their own good. It can be toe tapping and catchy ("Home Is Where the Hate Is," "(I'm Running Around in) Circles") but at the same time, there's not much that's original to the seven songs on this record. I mean, there's even the obligatory "revolution" song ("Revolution Calling") that young punks seem to think that they have to write to sound credible. The only problem is that when the song is bland and lacking actual politics, it only ends up hurting. This album makes *Latoya Jackson* skate down to the local VFW hall punk show and start up an unwarranted circle-pit.

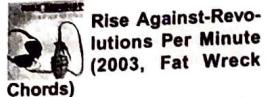


Lagwagon-Blaze
(2003, Fat Wreck
Chords)

Lagwagon are one of the greatest pop-skate-punk bands out there today. That's why it was mighty difficult to go four years without any word from many of the members. Joey Cape, the lead singer, on the other hand released a few records under the name Bad Astronaut, all of which displayed a much more mature, experimental side to his songwriting. *Blaze*, Lagwagon's latest album, benefits from that time off that Cape had to experiment, the 14 songs on it display continued on next page

continued from previous page

ing a slight evolution in their sound while still staying unmistakably Lagwagon, a blend of Jawbreaker, NOFX, and a wee bit of Metallica. Track 11, "Lullaby," is a particular stand out, referencing Chuck (Fight Club) Palahniuk's most recent book of the same title. Corey Feldman is taller than Joey Cape.



After 88 Fingers Louie broke up (the second time), the members reformed sans lead singer Dennis Buckley and grabbed Tim McIlrath from fellow Chicagoites Baxter. The result was Rise Against, whose first album was released on Fat in 2001. While still a strong debut release, that album was marked by the looming ghost of 88 Fingers Louie. With Revolutions Per Minute, the band have evolved and come into their own. While there are still



The White Stripes, last year's "Next Big Thing" and this year's



WANT TO HEAR...

elements of that former band in their sound, they also incorporate Black Sails-era AFI, Good Riddance, the darker, bass-heavy songs of NOFX, and Strike Anywhere to offer up a plate of anger-charged hardcore defined by the lyric "When enough is enough, that's when you know that you're halfway there" ("Halfway There"). Lyrically, particularly on songs like "Heaven Knows" and "Last Chance Blueprint" they lie somewhere between AFI's dark, self-reflective lyrics and Anti-Flag's pissed off politics. Call it California Hardcore via Chicago's indie/punk scene with the politics and heart of both, and don't forget to pick up Corey Feldman before you head out to the show.

The White Stripes - Elephant (2003, V2/Third Man Records)

The White Stripes, last year's "Next Big Thing" and this year's



hype machine, come to us with their fourth record. The first single, "Seven Nation Army," shows what the duo can do with a little bass thrown into the mix, but is ultimately disappointing and goes on for about a minute too long. The second track, "Black Math" bounces along with a dirty, steady, bounce to it, almost sounding like a Queens of the Stone Age throw away (with much simpler drums), and the third track, "There's No Home For You Here" can and will be mistaken for "Dead Leaves on the Dirty Ground" from the last album. Track 4 is where the album starts to pick up. It's a cover of Burt Bacharach's "I Just Don't Know What to Do With Myself," reinvented for an age of "anti" medications and people who should be on them but "forget" to take them. On the fifth song, "In the Cold, Cold, Night," Meg takes a shot at the vocals and the whole track has a great Dusty Springfield vibe to it. Track 6, "I Want to Be the Boy to Warm Your Mother's Heart" is a hopeless romantic's wet dream and completely plays into Jack White's concept for the album of "the death of the sweetheart." From that point until the end of the album, the Stripes provide solid, if derivative, dirty, gritty, sedated go-go blues-rock. Michael Jackson is frighteningly paler than Jack White, who makes Conan O'Brien look tanned by comparison.

BY: Michael Zole

Section ZOLE

In my first month at Hampshire, I decided I would write for every *Omen* issue that came out during my time here. With the exception of a few busy weeks where I just submitted a *Death To The Extremist*, I did. Some were passable, a few were forgettable, but I turned out some fine work on occasion. For a year, February to December 2001, I edited this lovable rag, sacrificing entire weekends of my time to proofreading articles written by the Ultimate Frisbee team. (Don't you guys know how to *paragraph*?) Now I'm getting the hell out of here, so no more *Omen* articles from me.

The *Omen* has been a hotbed of controversy throughout its lifetime, and there have been some memorable (and memorably stupid) conflicts during my time. I haven't been involved with any of them. I'd take a metaphorical bullet for the *Omen*, but I've been unable, because never once has the threatening finger of controversy waggled in my direction. I know why, of course: I write about silly things, like video games and candy and menstruation, though I'm still surprised nobody got on my case for suggesting that we outfit women with egg timers to regulate their cycles. (Good lord, egg timer. I didn't notice that pun until just now, I swear.) It's strange that even though I really believe in and support the *Omen*, I've never taken any heat for it, while colleagues of mine were dragged through the mud. I feel very lucky, but still.

And I do believe in the *Omen*. I think we have a great concept here that wouldn't work in the world at large, or most other colleges. We publish some amazing stuff (and lots of chaff, I admit). On a campus that is full of people with something to say, it's very disappointing that the *Omen* isn't brimming with submissions on a variety of topics (such as race, class, and even gender) from all over our student body. I've heard the same old arguments, that the *Omen* has a reputation for lowbrow and/or offensive content. This is piffle. If the *Omen* doesn't have the kind of content you want, you and five friends could submit what you want and change the magazine's

I learned to deal with Hampshire's crazy academics. Hampshire's mangled and inefficient bureaucracy, and Marriott's lousy food

my half-Asian girlfriend that she is "internalizing her oppression" by supporting the *Omen*, maybe I can die a happy game designer. I can dream.

That said, I'm glad I went to this school. It's been difficult as hell, but I learned to deal with Hampshire's crazy academics, Hampshire's mangled and inefficient bureaucracy, and Marriott's lousy food, and I really feel like I accomplished something. People complain that Hampshire doesn't teach you anything, and that's true – everything I learned at Hampshire I taught myself. But that's just it: to survive Hampshire, you have to teach yourself what you need to know, look out for

continued on next page

PEACE, I'M OUTTA HERE

bent over backwards to make the *Omen* more accessible as a result. Of course, this dulled the black sheep image that made the *Omen* a cult hit and didn't really increase community participation at all, but we tried, dammit.

By the time this gets printed, I will have passed my Div III and I will be itching to get out of this college. I'm a pretty forgiving guy, but I am sick to death of the stifling cesspool of homogenous thought that Hampshire can be. Maybe in the real world, people are judged by their actions, not some hotshot intellectual's bullshit interpretation of their actions. If I never again have to deal with people calling

Hampshire's crazy academics. Hampshire's mangled and inefficient bureaucracy, and Marriott's lousy food



RAW DATA

by Ms. M. Anderson

Ruth-Play in the lake with friends, innertubing on the back of a boat.

Alex S-Jam acoustic duo with a good friend and a little pot involved.

Frank the world Padellaro-Go to a baseball game.

Alli-Swim down to the water-hole where people wear cutoffs not swimming trunks and nostalgic music is playing, like "Brown-eyed Girl."

Justin-My favorite thing to do on a summer afternoon is to lay on the couch watching a

WHAT'S YOUR FAVORITE THING TO DO ON A SUMMER AFTERNOON?

Red Sox game, falling asleep somewhere at the 6th inning and wake up to watch the 9th.

Anonymous-Go for a long bike ride, come home to a huge meal and make love outside on a really full stomach.

Menk-Sit around in the sun and drink.

Nandish-Smoke a bowl, play guitar.

J-Lie around on the grass, go swimming in a lake.

Emma-Beachin' it.

Cupcake O'Reilly-Go out for a walk with someone special and then go home and, you know..

PJ-Make sweet love.

Alex-Jerk off.

Ed-Sitting on my porch play-

ing guitar.

Ajiz-Have a nice glass of something cold.

Aja-I like to let myself get as hot as I can stand and then go swimming with my dog.

Jorge-Sleep.

Mark-I really like these things on a summer afternoon: froze fruits, the banana kind with real chunks of banana.

Katie-Go for a carried while drinking lemonade.

Lucas-Open up the fire hydrant. I used to do that all the time as a kid in Chicago.

Rob-I'd stay away from the heat by going to a movie (for the A/C) or go to a Greek/Lebanese restaurant with a girl 'cause Greek salads are so good and the Chicken Sharma-there's something so sensual about that.

Rebecca-Reading Harry Potter on a porch.

Adam-I really like to rollerblade around the esplanade in Boston or write.

Sarah-I like to avoid the daylight.

Shawn-Frolic

Akiva-Read with a beer in the shade and bullshit with people.

Andrew-Smoke some dope and then hackeysack.

Peter-Write a journal entry.

JC-Go to the beach or preferably have sex.

Nathan-Have Sex.

Alexis-Eat a Popsicle.

Asli-Sleep on a sofa outside.

Megan-Go swimming.

Erica-Go to the beach.

Beth-Be lazy, hang out in the house and eat fresh fruit.

Dennis-Sleep.

Alan-Work in the laboratory with ten students and 2 faculty members.

Bryan-Sometimes sleep, sometimes just hang out.

Zach-Sleep.

Braydon-Airbrush a wizard on my van.

Deana-Go skinnydippin'.

Lila-Smoke a joint and sit in my hammock.

Lusty first year-A cute boy.

Meghan-Read a book.

Sky-Lay in the sun with a cold beer after a hard day at work.

Kim-Drink Corona and lie in the sun, hands on.

Emily-Go swim in the ocean.

Sam-Wake up slowly and gently.

Portia-Bike.

Kevin-Sitting in a field looking at the clouds.

Stephen-Sitting outside and drinking beer with probably not alone.

Todd-Same thing but with a book.

Jessica-Nothing.

Liza-Have sex.

Cory-Get high, go to the art museum, lay in the sun after a walk through the rose garden.

Julia-go swimming and then sit down and not be able to see, being wet and salty.

Lexi-Curl up next to a body of water so I can hear the waves and feel the sand and the grass under me with a good book.

Devon-Sit out in the sun

at an outside coffeeshop with friends.

Allison-Picnics.

Stacy-Sit outside with my friends, enjoy the weather.

Barry-Smoke pot somewhere in NYC.

Ryn-Swim.

Mina-Sleep.

Bill-Lie down in my yard or play catch.

Caitie-If you're tired and you open up in all the doors and windows it's great to lie on a white comforter. If you're not tired it's fun to go driving with the windows open smoking a joint and cigarettes and listening to music.

Stephanie-Sit in the sun and read.

Ricky-I sit in my A/C house and I go swimming in a pool and whatever takes the least amount of physical activity.

Lizzie-Sit in the sun.

Sal-Go riding on the Vineyard Haven Launch.



OUTTA HERE...

continued from previous page

your own career, and kick some Division III ass. I did, I got in a few rounds of *Unreal Tournament* along the way, and I'm better for it (the Div III, that is). Hampshire, you've earned my grudging respect.

And the *Omen*, you've earned my far less grudging respect. In this crazy, stifling college, you represent true diversity, the idea that anyone can say anything they want and be on equal footing with everyone else, provided they have the balls to print their name (not that big a risk, in reality). I met so many great people through writing for the *Omen*. I couldn't list them all, but it's safe to say that we worked hard, had some hilarious and whacked-out conversations during layout sessions, and made more Eazy-E references than I ever dreamed possible. I challenged myself to write every other week, and it wasn't that hard. You might want to try it; doing anything regularly does wonders for your ability to get stuff done.

I bought my first "Weird Al" Yankovic album, "Running With Scissors", a few days before coming to Hampshire. Weird Al is releasing his first album since then, "Poodle Hat", on May 20, a few days after I'll leave. Al built his career on a very simple idea: that no angsty rock anthem, transvestite-themed ballad, or rap about the perils of gangstahood needs to be taken seriously. There's a wisdom to that, and we should all keep it in mind as we take our liberal arts diplomas to our tiny apartments and start looking for temp jobs. Dare to be stupid, Hampshire. I'll see you around.



www.somethingawful.com

**With Apologies to Beth Day- Sam

submitted by: Sam Anderson



I _SWEAR_ THIS IS TRUE

So I promised urban legends last issue and urban legends you shall get. I was going to reprise my anger (already vented on the Jolt) over the water balloons thrown at my tour on Accepted Students Day, but let's just say I'm pretty pissed and think those who did it should come forward. If I can spend an hour with forty angry people as a consequence of your action, you can spend an hour with a few angry administrators as a consequence of your actions. And if you know who did it, tell Student Affairs. Thanks. On to the article:

Every college needs urban legends, and fortunately Hampshire does not lack for them. The nature of urban legends is that they're passed person-to-person, always third-hand, always vouched for as true but elusively unverifiable. Perhaps you've missed a few for some reason, so here's a chance to gain a few. And once you've learned them, go ahead – pass them on. Urban legends never die, they just fade away... and then resurface a few years later, because they're immortal.

Why the Morgue is called the Morgue

So way back in the early days of Hampshire, those swinging early 70's, things were way more laid back than they are even today. Sex, drugs, rock and roll, and rampant informality. In fact, professors would do drugs with the students. So one night,

up on G4, a professor on [insert choice of hardcore drug here] went crazy and beheaded three students. Yes, beheaded. And THAT'S why it's called the Morgue.

The architectural plans behind Merrill and Dakin

Again back in the early days of Hampshire, things were more cash-strapped than they are even today. To save money,

instead of having brand-new dorm designs made the planners simply adapted previously existing plans...one for a prison (Dakin) and the other for an insane asylum (Merrill). That's why Dakin hallways are long and straight (so the guards can see all the prisoners) and Merrill hallways are U-shaped (so the patients can't see each other.)

The construction of Greenwich

So way back when (you know what time I'm talking about at this point) the cash-strapped planners of Hampshire had to construct housing, fast. The Army wanted to test some modular housing that would be constructed in 3 days, and did it for free as a return for a place to conduct their exercise.

Greenwich was only even supposed to last a few years as temporary housing, so 30 years later it's amazing it's still standing. How much power the windmill can provide to Enfield

The windmill, featuring what looks like three blue barrels cut in half, stands proudly amongst the trees outside of Enfield. Occasionally the barrels spin, power to something...but what? And where does it come from? Apparently it was a Div III project from some years ago, and provided power for all of Enfield before the trees grew up around it. Stupid administration.

Whether Ken Burns really graduated

Ken Burns is arguably our most famous alum, with his acclaimed series on PBS, *The Civil War*, among others. Admissions has signed posters of his *Jazz* series up in the conference room. But did you know he never actually graduated? Naturally we'd never spread it around, but go ahead and try to find his name amongst past Div IIIs in the library.

Why the Tavern stopped serving alcohol

The Tavern was at one time beloved by students and professors as an actual tavern, where alcohol flowed freely. Why did they stop serving alcohol? I can't be too specific here, but the legend is that someone related to someone in the administration was an alcoholic, and would go to the Tavern and get trashed. So they were forced to stop serving alcohol. You insert your own administration figure/relationship

of the alcoholic to them. That will make it more fun anyway.

Whether Barry Sonnenfeld went here and why he left

Barry Sonnenfeld, maker of *Independence Day*, *Wild Wild West*, and other such schlock, apparently went to Hampshire for all of two years. Then he decided "Any idiot can make a

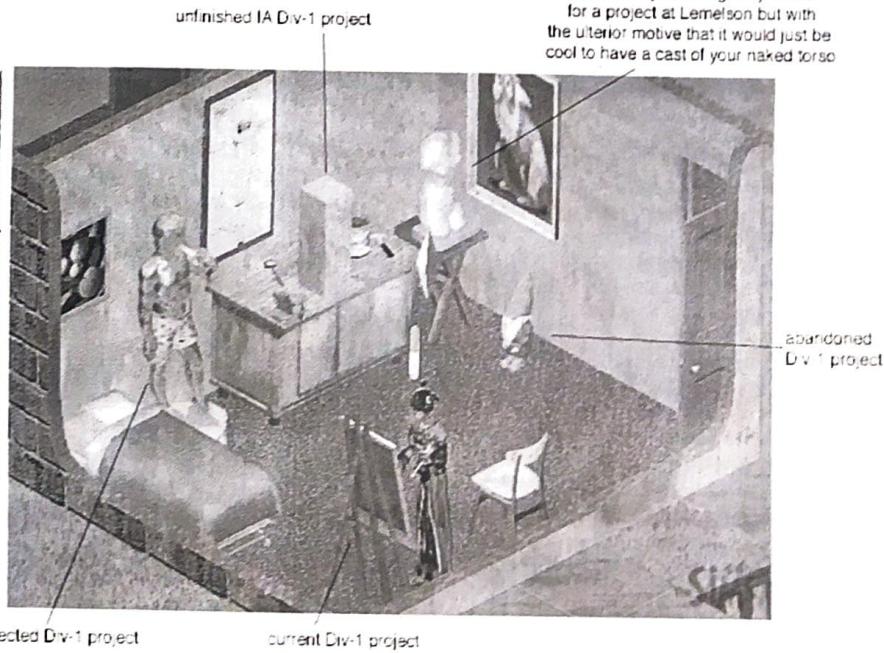
movie", went to Hollywood, and proved just that.

That's all for now. I'm sure there are many I missed; I eliminated ones I knew to be true (committing suicide on INTRAN) and ones without much beyond the bare facts (committing suicide by hanging from a tree near Phys. Plant). Any others you can think of I will gladly receive and publish next year.

I hope you like my new graphic. I figured I should try to get it in before the end of the year. It's in Swedish, in case you're wondering; it's a quote from one of my favorite movies of all time, "Show Me Love" ("Fucking Åmål" is its Swedish title); it's fairly egotistical; and you can figure out how to translate it if you want, because I like to leave a little mystery.

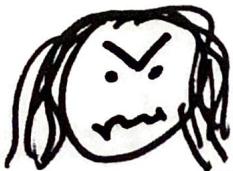


THE SIMS: DAKIN G-2 EXPERIENCE



plaster body-cast originally made for a project at Lemelson but with the ulterior motive that it would just be cool to have a cast of your naked torso

abandoned
Div-1 project



Beth sez GRRR!

Let me tell you what the end is like. I started doing my final revisions Saturday the 19th, and I didn't stop often until Thursday afternoon when I finished it. And that whole week I became progressively sicker, until Thursday the only thing keeping me going was the Day-quilt. I got four copies of my Div III bound, and a fifth unbound for the library. I somehow kept my body pulled together enough to pull off Hampshire Idol with Lauryn. Then I woke up on Friday with intentions of doing Day in the Lab and my body said "fuck you Beth Day, get your ass back in bed and pay attention to me." I was sick as hell, and I spent the majority of the day in bed except for dragging myself down to the Pub Lab because after a day in bed it gets pretty lonely.

So here I am, I'm done. I've been working on my Div III for 11 months, since my REU began last May. My final meeting is April 30th. That will be me ringing the bell about 2pm. The day this Omen comes out it will be May 2nd. Renee and I will be having a fabulous bell-ringing together, and I'm going to start the process of forgetting. May 17th is graduation, and I'll probably have more family than all of you. That's because there will be no family prouder, I'm the first in my family to graduate from college.

Hampshire has been an

up and down experience, from my first semester spent in complete culture shock to my current bitter older student ways. I can say however the things that have made me happy here have outnumbered those that have made me angry or sad. However I can't say I'm leaving Hampshire confident that it will be a place that I would recommend other people to come to, because all the changes and threatened changes have made me feel that much of Hampshire's original spirit is dying out. All Omen people who graduate write one of two articles. The "Fuck You" article or the "Thank You" article. I've decided because I'm done my Div III it's time to start that forgetting process early with this article, and write a "Thank You" article. So here is everyone I'd like to thank for making my Hampshire experience, especially this past year, a good one.

All my ladies. Those of you who know me, know I have many ladies and one boy. It's hard to keep track of them all. Rosalina my lover, Rebecca my mistress, Kate my ex-wife, Anna my wife, Liz my girlfriend, Renee my pimp/madam, Alli my sexpot, and Christine my homewrecker. I'm always looking for more ladies if anyone is interested.

Renee. For all the baking and forcing me to do my Div III. Dragging me (literally) to the third floor of the library and sitting me in front of a computer. From the standard cookies to the boy bait. For defecting from SS and coming home to NS. We're

going to have a kick ass bell ringing. For all the good-natured competition. You filed Div II first but guess who finished Div III first?

Rebecca. For having almost as short of an attention span as I do, for being as loud as I am, for teaching me to crochet, and for participating in all the arguments about Hampshire's future. For keeping me entertained even when we were supposed to be doing work. You know I'd marry you any day baby. And listening to all my problems. I'd like to thank both Rebecca and Renee for coming back from leave simply to entertain me, haha!

Deb. For being the first friend I made at Hampshire as well as my illustrious ex-roomie. J212 rocks! For being the kind of friend who even though I didn't see you very often it was never hard to just pick up where we left off. For the trips to Boston and the searches for cannoli.

Laura. For allowing me to hate people vicariously through you. You hate people so well and in such a fulfilling way it truly is amazing. For telling me I have a nice ass and breasts. For all the amazing gossip.

Zak "sexual harassment" Kauffman. Because I'm the only reason you have friends!!! Just kidding. Thank you for all the sexual harassment in and out of the Omen. As well as simply being a decent friend. I miss the huge boat of an SUV that could take down a tree and suffer no consequences. For making

movies. I was in your first one as an extra and now I'll be in your last one. I win. For daring me to do things. Especially all those damned jelly beans.

The Omen and all the people involved. It's true. What people don't know about the Omen is that quite a few of us are only friends because of the Omen. When you throw a group of people together to work long hours on a project and then get shit upon by most of the campus every now and again, you can't really help but be friends. I only knew Rosalina and Zak when I submitted that first article in Spring 2001.

Rosalina. You're not here but I'll send this to you. You've had a hard time here, but don't let the bitches get you down. I miss you and I wish you were still here so you could be celebrating the end with me. And oh baby who can forget the hot tub ;). I'll see you again, your Auntie Beth won't ever forget about you.

Zole. For all the driving, for the amusing dinner conversations. For helping me fulfill random whims. We will take that road trip to Canada someday. For putting up with all the silliness and my inability to stop asking you questions. And lending the use of Animal Crossing.

Christine and Brady. For being gracious hosts as well as being an easy place to be off-campus but not town. For all the awesome Animal Crossing fun. For having graduated before me. Christine for letting me eventually teach you how to knit.

Justin. For graduating two years late so I could know you because I was oblivious to everything but my first year world my first year. For getting me the hell off of campus even if it was

just into town or to Christine and Brady's. For harassing Renee and I to go get food with you at 1am and thus distracting us from our Div III's. For listening to me whine so much. We've got problems, good thing someone else wants to listen to them.

Lauryn. For being my partner in crime for so many intern related things. You've been one of my favorite parts of being an intern. We do the most amazing events, and you've always been here when I needed to bitch or when I needed the back-up. Oh and for introducing me to American Idol.

Jason. For all the time I've spent hanging out in your room our first couple of years and being part of the amazing E2 experience. For being willing to do things for me, like drive me someplace at 8am on a Saturday. For making me blush so much. For being fun to live near.

Austen. For being the only one hard core enough to do the keg hunt with me. For continuing to eat lunches with us in Saga. For the mod that sucked ass and for not hating me forever when I bailed. It would have been awesome if it had been just you me and Jason.

Shaun Boyle. I hate you! (not really).

Aaron Buchsbaum. For having such an awesome name and being my science buddy. And for being a funny and all around nice guy.

The School of Natural Science. You are the only reason I will never be able to completely give up hope in Hampshire College. You fight the good fight to hold Hampshire to its original vision. You give your students amazing opportunities that none of the other schools do. You

encourage and listen to student input and participation and you fight for us in larger forums. You are the model of how a school should run. You efficiently balance student demands with what is reasonable for professors to be doing. I can't express how wonderful my experience in NS has been. I think being in NS school meetings surrounded by friendly professors and excited dogs is what I will miss most about Hampshire.

Charlene D'Avanzo. For being the perfect person to keep me together and on track all these four years. I know it wasn't easy. For giving me room to breathe yet pushing me when I needed to be pushed. For drawing pictures with me because we're both visual people. For simply listening and somehow getting something out of my rambling. For being so hard on my writing.

Ann McNeal, Merle Bruno, and Laura Wenk. For being the various people on my committees. Ann and Laura for both taking chances on me without really knowing me first. Ann for being so wacky and pushing me to try things I never thought to do. Merle for being my advisor in the beginning and keeping up with me through all my years here. Laura for helping me realize how awesome teaching could be.

Dakin House Staff. You rock. We rock. We've had a lot of fun and we've dealt with a lot of rough stuff together. My heart will always swoon with thoughts of midnight breakfast whenever I hear Madonna - Like a Prayer.

The 3rd floor of the library and the 3rd floor of Cole. For being the perfect places to write continued on page 25

Roc-Know?

Hello, yes. One other year, one other writing at the end of year. Is lot happen this year? I hear something about war, space shuttle? I no give much attention. On to future! Listen, I must say as head in summer movie season:

Rocco Siffredi Public Service Announcement:



Lizzy McGuire

Hello, yes- is Rocco Siffredi. On television, movies advertise: young bambina go to foreign place, and fall down. I talk certainly of *What A Girl Wants* and *The Lizzie McGuire Movie*. Is two movies, but if short on lire, how deciding which? I help. Lizzie McGuire take place in gorgeous *Italia*. Ordinary, I say go, go see! Is Italia! But then I am looking closer, I notice more. Compare:

Is Lizzie McGuire Hillary Duff, is Jenna Jameson. Who you like? I no know Hillary Duff, but if duff of hers on cock mine, I no ask to leave. Jenna Jameson OK; she big ego. We filming together *Jenna Loves Rocco*, she always say "Rocco, no slap ass!" "Rocco, no hit face!" Is difficult. But is *bellissima*- if her keep away from simple starch-chocolate, potatoes, yes- she become easy fat.

Is *What A Girl Wants* Amanda Bynes, is Gauge. Gauge is no yet large name, but in several quality film- *Weapons of Ass Destruction*, *Stinky Stained Party Party 2*. I am hearing Gauge can do handstand and same time be sexing *il recto*. I no know Amanda Bynes, no know if she can doing same.

So who you like, go see movie. I only try to help decide. That is end Public Service Announcement. Thank You.

Oh, advice for Graduate? I used advising from *mi padre*: "Work Hard, No Compromise, Herpes Not So Bad."

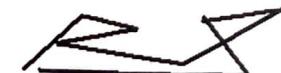
-Ciao, Hampshire!



Amanda Bynes



Gauge



continued from page 23

BETH'S LAST :-(

my Div III.

Jenna. For being my work buddy these past few days, as well as being someone I know always cares about me even if we don't hang out much. I will go to the Admissions BBQ and live vicariously through your umbrella.

Gaia. For taking so many adventures in NS and ecology with me.

All my residents over these past two years. You've given me frustrating times but you've given me a lot of good times. Most of all you've kept me young and reminded me about how exciting a place Hampshire is to be. I'm glad I could bake you all kinds of baked goods. I hoped I made your Hampshire experience somewhat better through my being your intern.

My orientees from last year. I love seeing you guys around campus. You guys have gotten involved in so many awesome things, it makes me proud.

The kitties. For just being so damned cute.

The G2 kids. Because you've put up with a non-gamer in your midst for so long and tainted my soul with the joys of Deathfest. Especially Alex for trying so hard to please me with movie selections for Excalibur.

Matthew. I saved the best for last. For seeing all the best and worst of me. For putting up with my tears, my anger, and with the times I simply didn't make any sense. But most of all for loving me through it all. For taking care of me. For making me laugh. For listening even when it was hard.

I'm sure there are other people I'm forgetting, and there are a bunch of people who have graduated I'm not including because this is mostly a list of this year. But for those of you who I forget, you rock too. And so I say goodbye to Hampshire, and the Omen. I will say one fuck you. Fuck you to all those people who could never look past the offensive parts of the Omen to see that there was a lot more to it than that. I've spent many any Omen article on that subject, so I will waste no more space here.



RENEE AND BETH COOK! (BAKE!)



submitted by: Renee Kinchla

Daily Jolt Roundup

DAILY JOLT ROUNDUP APRIL 13TH-25TH

Sunday, April 13:

What's this about the Hampshire Escort service getting busted? Who knows?! User '*Guest name (Guest)*' relates this tidbit of news but refuses to elaborate, leaving several fellow Jolters mildly bewildered. In today's Mod News... 8-person Enfield mod, 25 points. A response from '*Guest name (Guest)*' reads: hahahahahahahahahahaha!

If mod politics were bunnies, the doubles would fill up faster.

Monday, April 14:

Aspiring Div Fees are up in arms over the new bell, with rumors of lockdown in the air. While user '*Guest name (Guest)*' advises all concerned to speak with student affairs, '*Pissed (Guest)*' just says "cut the mofo lock... It is our bell and I'll be damned if they take it from us." But wait- there's more Mod News!! 6-person Enfield, 36 points... Survey says: "JESUS CHRIST WOULD EVERYONE JUST SHUT THE HELL UP AND GO TO THE LOTTERY?" (quote attributed to '*Guest name (Guest)*') More talk of the Easter Keg Hunt.

Tuesday, April 15:

Emergency! Amelioration required, post-haste! User '*pressure beyond belief (Guest)*' implores any good Samaritan to "please save my ears from the pain". Apparently s/he is having a horrific case of "water is stuck in my ear and creating an agonizing pressure inside my already

suffering head." Dr. Buchsbaum says: decapitation worked for me! In other so-called 'news', Buffy has been pre-empted by baseball, leaving slayer fans up in arms. Lemmy gets props for the day's comic, and user '*Squirm*' needs a band to play at the Hampshire flea market.

Wednesday, April 16:

Mod News: "lively, entertaining, engaging ladies" seek applicants for a sub-free double in Greenwich. Terse discussion about hall lottery to boot. '*COCA (Guest)*' announces the approach of "Spring Jam 2003", complete with beer garden and bouncy castle. Conversation turns toward the etymology of the acronym COCA, as well as COCD and a few others; an F'95 alum tells it like it is: "Coca=activities

Cocd=community property" (quote attributed to '*Peter Lull F95*'). In the world of academia, user '*needanezclas (Guest)*' is looking for, well, an ezclass. S/he is instructed to take HACU 205- Steel Drumming with Jay Pillay.

Thursday, April 17:

Ever seen "IMPROV on motor scooters"? Well, maybe now you can. Or perhaps your time would be better spent pining after a fourth year. User '*Guest name (Guest)*' is selling them like hot cakes: "The final days are approaching. We have some hot fourth years roaming around...Get 'em before they are gone!". Some serious name dropping occurs, possibly

accompanied by some equally serious pants. In entertainment news, several Hampshire bands make it to the Iron Horse big time. An oddly anxious response comes from '*darksun2*', urging the promoter to get in contact with him/her. Several people wonder what's all the fuss about, but never learn the Truth.

Friday, April 18

"I think I saw jesus in [enfield] last night" (quote attributed to user '*zoracwdl*'). This revelation comes in response to a long discussion about an "easter egg hunt", as an off-campus charlatan attempts to get info about easter Keg hunt. In an ironic display of Hampshire community, s/he is told there is no such event, thus keeping beer within the hands of frolicking Hampshire students. In environmental news, three cheers to phys. plant for taking out the "Campus Trash". Thanks to their efforts, the Merril B stoop is again livable. In the academic scene, a transfer student suffers obligatory scheduling woes.

Saturday, April 19:

It's on! "WWC Presents ALL COMMUNITY RUMBLE" at 2pm in the Merril Quad. Unfortunately the anonymous user '*Guest name (Guest)*' thinks those WWC "guys are shit heads", labeling the group "insensitive" to those who have been traumatized by violence. The WWC is also accused of being sexist, then reprieved by several ref-

erences to past and present women wrestlers. '*Devin (Guest)*' leaves links to his "Drag ball photos", and '*kativesapp*' is happy to see him/her/tranself in pictures.

Sunday, April 20:

Yes, it's 4/20. Moving on. User '*Guest name (Guest)*' posts a short "sex*rant*", more or less denying the existence of romantic relationships on Hampshire campus. Instead, the classical affect has been replaced with a "bass-awful" notion of bed first, relationship later". Some agree, some don't. Now it's time for more: Mod News! User '*pointy (Guest)*' starts a cluster-fuck of point postings, with several 36-pointers going for 6-persons in Enfield. On top of the pack is '*zoracwdl*', with "4 trillions and two for a four person in greenwich, suck on that!!!!!!" S/he seems fairly confident about getting a mod.

Monday, April 21:

Leave it to '*beebblebrox*' to announce an upcoming "CHESS TOURNAMENT!". The immediate world is invited to attend the mind-boggling festivities, which include "cool prizes, free snacks, and fun to be had by all!" A massive discussion concerning possible "Ficom corruption?!" begins around 4:56pm, and lasts well into Tuesday. Most people seem to agree student government has gone to shit, and thus in need of an overhaul. Others like '*Guest name (Guest)*' believe that "Ficom is more functional and trustworthy than almost any other group on campus." Community Council member Michael Sherard attempts to quell the requisite myriad of rumors, while the ethics of hitting prospe

parents with water balloons is discussed.

Tuesday, April 22:

Mod News: "does my group have a chance at getting a 6 person mod in enfield with 28 points?" (quote attributed to '*Guest name (Guest)*') Survey says: possibly. Others believe they are being "Shafted in Mod Points". A reminder about the Chess Tourney is posted by '*jawlensky*', currently awol in Berlin. A stern reprimand from user '*dear lord (Guest)*' reads, "john you are such a geek". S/he is in turn reprimanded by '*periaeria*' for "humiliating your boyfriend like that". In porno news, the Hampshire Escorts get a request from Smith College for a male stripper. Two of said escorts express interest in the semi-nasty, and offer their genitals for paid viewing.

Wednesday, April 23:

A list of "hotties" posted by '*XXX (Guest)*' includes "the girl with poopy-pants" and "the boy covered in bee stings". Whether these claims are true remains unclear, but responders nonetheless seem to agree. More discussion concerning "council meeting, ficom, etc..." warrants 25 messages in one day. Occasional postings by community council or FiCom members attempt to dispel rumors, along with a surprising lack of outlandish accusations otherwise semi-typical to the Jolt. Another inquiry meeting is scheduled for Tuesday, April 30, in the hopes that the accused persons might shed some more light on the situation. Maybe that would be a good time to request extra funding for the Meat Collective.

Thursday, April 24:

Regina Spektor is hailed as the "Hampshire Idol Alternative", a title bordering on- but not quite approaching, auspicious. Others think Hampshire Idol is still the way to go, including "beth day, the sick i finished my div III today host, as opposed to laurny the awesome reliable host" (quote attributed to '*periaeria*'). In ironic news, user '*newbie*' is supposedly an incoming Hampshire student seeking advice about classes and mod living. Two out of three responses recognize the post as bogus and/or for shits and giggles, while the third answers the Enfield question true. More announcements for the "5 COLLEGE CHESS CHAMPIONSHIP!!", proving once again that strategic board games involving 'pawns' are the most powerful force on campus.

Friday, April 25:

More Mod News than you can shake an asbestos-filled stick at. Topics include, but are not limited to: 6 person mods, points for Greenwich, Greenwich mods, squatting, and filling doubles. In other news... HEY! Someone usurped my name! User '*Aaron B*' is noted as posting an ad for "furniture", but I have done no such thing. Either there is a doppelganger on campus, or I forgot to log out of the Jolt on one of the library computers. Shizzit man, this is a dangerous job- although not as dangerous as water balloons on admitted students' day. Should the offenders be transferred to UMass? You decide (suggestion posited by user '*Ashley (Guest)*').



ONE OF THESE. THINGS IS NOT LIKE THE OTHER

by: Sam Anderson

Fighters have been among the most popular genres of video games. For the uninitiated, a fighter...well, if you don't know what a fighter is, you probably won't have much interest in this article anyway. Simplest definition: players pick characters and beat on each other. Now that we're all on a level playing field, I'm here to talk about freaks. Freaks are often the icing on a great fighter, that little hint of absurdity that keeps us coming back. After all, there are only so many things you can do with the other fighting game archetypes. Will the hero have long hair and his rival have short hair, or the other way around? Will a given female character be the "cute one" or the "babe?" Then there's the Big Slow Guy, and possibly the Old Geezer. The freak, though, is often a wild card. By all rights, they shouldn't even be there. They often have only the most tenuous reason to fight (if the game is even making pretensions of a story, that is).

But we're letting our freak flag fly here, so to speak. I'm going to give some brief profiles on some of the more notable fighting game freaks, starting with the original "man" himself.

Blanka – I won't write too long on Blanka. He's a classic, first appearing in the influential and



popular Street Fighter II-The World Warrior. He's a man who grew up in the Brazilian jungle, turned green and learned electrocution techniques from the Amazonian electric eels. It could be argued that Dhalsim is the true freak of Street Fighter II, but at least his abilities were based on an (admittedly warped) real world cultural tradition. Blanka has no real precedent. The Hulk, you say? Hulk smash when angry, I say. Look at that jolly fellow up there. He's having a great time. Blanka looks a bit mediocre for a fighting game character design nowadays, but he was a sensation when he arrived on the scene in 1991.

pit full of money called "the Money Pit." Since the pit was so dark, he made a martial art form based around being unable to see. Many of his moves are apparently also designed to kill rats.

Oh, and see that big, bulbous codpiece? Many recent fighters have taken great pains to accentuate their females' most prominent features and have devoted an unprecedented amount of CPU cycles to making said features gyrate realistically. Well...let's just say that the designers of Soul Calibur made sure that the movement of Voldo's crotch would not merely be left to the players' imagination. Actually, Voldo's crotch figures heavily into several of his signature moves. One of his stances involves arching over backwards in an upside-down U and skittering around on his toes and katars (the bladey things on his arms) like a damn big BDSM cockroach. You can then make him thrust his crotch into the air, with an appropriate "WONG!" sound and an eruption of sparks from his genitals. If you time this move correctly in series, you can thrust your opponent into the air and juggle them forever like some terribly disturbing game of Arkanoid. Voldo is truly one of the greats.

Voldo - Voldo is really a freak's freak. This guy first made his appearance in 1995's Soul Edge, but his popularity first became apparent in 1998's Soul Calibur. He has no real physical deformities

other than a rather unhealthy pallor. His freak mojo is all about his fashion sense and his CREEPY-ASS (yet unfailingly amusing) way of moving around. He never fails to inspire an "Eeye-hhhh..." from those who see him squirm across the screen. Voldo's backstory involves guarding a big



Faust – This is actually the second incarnation of a character from Guilty Gear called Dr. Baldhead. That guy was a freak, but a pretty mundane one, especially for a game like Guilty Gear, where the hero is called Sol Badguy for some reason. He had a long tongue and was (surprise!) bald.



His primary weapon was a giant scalpel, as seen above. No, Faust really came to the fore in Guilty Gear X, a 2000 release. Suddenly here is a well-dressed doctor, except now he has a paper bag on his head. Brilliant! This guy turns into Japanese schoolboys in the middle of combos, extends an umbrella and flies away like Mary Poppins at the end of fights and skuttles about crablike, clutching his scalpel like a newborn child. Then he stands up and is nearly TWICE AS TALL as any of the other characters. It's pretty clear that Faust has no business existing in the same universe as the other fighters in the Guilty Gear series. It's a testament to his freak power that he still is the weirdest character in that series despite Guilty Gear XX adding Bridget, a boy dressed like a nun wearing a giant handcuff that fights with a yo-yo.

chance that he will in fact RIDE a turtle over your body. Unstoppable. So, why is he in a game with lots of moody Japanese swordsmen? Who knows, and who cares?

Okin Genbu- Now, I know what you're thinking. "But Sam," you think, "doesn't Genbu fall into the Old Geezer archetype? Doesn't the Last Blade series already have its freak in that creepy zombie-like Mukoro?" My response: Mukoro is touted as a freak, sure, but he's nothing special. He has the bandaged thing, he has the long tongue thing, he has the creepy laugh. Old



There are certainly many more freaks strewn over the landscape of fighting games, but these are among the few that I find most intriguing. Thanks to Fighter's Generation for inspiration and images.

. Thanks to Generation for and images.



JEFFREY GEST ACCUSED OF DRIVE-BY SPEECH A.K.A. YEAR END WRAP-UP

Wow! Two Issues in One Semester

Congratulations to the nascent Hampshire College 'news' paper, The Climax. You put out two issues in one semester. When you said you were distancing yourself from the Forward you were right, and I salute you. Still, the bitchslapping between the ex-Forward staff and the pro-Climax people amuse me. (yes this should have been drawn upon last week when it was topical, but it's my article so screw all y'all) Frankly, neither of you have anything to be particularly indignant about. Let's not kid ourselves, The Forward was an unmitigated piece of shit for the vast majority of its run. When it came out, it was full of biased opinion pieces. There was rampant editorial misconduct among its leaders. It violated its charter by never coming out, yet got its own office and huge funding every semester. And no, this isn't bitterness, this is just an honest appraisal. So, I guess I have to give The Climax the benefit of the doubt for now. But with all the shit hitting the fan this semester, you think you could have come up with something more of interest to the campus for your cover, then the Nepali Civil War. Sorry for not thinking globally, or whatever, but do your fucking job and get writers who want to write news rather than push their personal pet issues. That's what the Omen is for. And faced with that essential truth,

don't even try to join us. Frankly, you guys aren't cool enough.

Accepted Students Day

Seriously, if you want to scare the prospies, join the WWC. Water balloons? That's not even ironic. Unless its purposely not ironic. Then it's kind of ironic. But still not clever.

Wrestling I Watched this Week

British Commonwealth Jr. Heavyweight Title: Condotti Shuji v. SUWA (c) from Toryumon Vamonos Amigos #49

Doesn't involve Genki Horiguchi in anyway, but SUWA still rocks so I will continue.

This is probably the best laid out singles match in Tory since Dragon Kid v. SUWA mascara contra caballero from late 2000. The execution isn't quite as good, and it suffers from having seven minutes clipped from the TV version (Tory needs a Di Colliseo type show badly), but it still is a *** 1/2ish match. SUWA's long term selling has been kind of flaky lately, but no one sells being in holds as well as he does, and he makes Shuji's Cat's Cradle submission (cross-legged stretch muffer) look deadly. His offense is a bit limited too, but this match is all about making Shuji, who is 4th on the ICONN totem pole, look like a total star. And he does that in spades. I'm still not sold on Shuji, but he acquits himself all right, and the interference is at bare

minimum, which is all you need for SUWA to give you a very good singles match.

WWE SMACKDOWN!

SMACKDOWN blew, so I put on more Toryumon

Magnum TOKYO/Susumu Yokosuka/Genki Horiguchi/K-ness/ Ryo Saito v. Masaaki Mochizuki/ Kenichiro Arai/Anthony W. Mori/ Raimu Mishima/Takamichi Iwasa (Ten Man Elimination Rules) from Toryumon Vamonos Amigos #45

Fun Fun Fun match. Iwasa and Mishima get tossed quickly, but it gives us a rare glimpse at the Beach Break, which is always appreciated. Then the story kicks in, and the match begins to rule. Ryo Saito is a much maligned guy. He's a pretty good wrestler, well-respected member of Sekigun for a couple years. But he seems to get lost in the shuffle. Arai is pushed more. Dragon Kid is flashier. Mochizuki is the ace. So when Darkness Dragon offered him a shot at the ground floor of the brand new stable Do FIXER. He jumped at the chance. It was cruelly snatched away, as it was revealed it was all a master plan for Darkness to spy on Sekigun before reuniting with M2K, now redubbed as Do FIXER. Saito was ridiculed by Sekigun afterwards, and a few major flubs in six man tags, got him on Mochi's bad side, finally he blew up, attacking Mochi with the enigmatic blue box and petitioning to join Do FIXER and smashing his trademark bicycle.

After a solo dance number that has to be seen to believe, Magnum and the pushing of the trios concept which, while producing good matches, has left the top guys lacking in experience in singles matches. So they fall back on their trios spots, and their trios transitions, and their trios selling. This generally doesn't make for good singles matches. Milano can get lost in the ring, and some of his spots look awkward from time to time, but he knows exactly when to cut CIMA off, and when to let him reel off his spots, and it makes the match. This isn't a great match. CIMA falls back into some of his bad habits, and Milano looks bad just releasing a couple of his bigger submissions, but the good far outweighs the bad, and the finish is really great, and keeps Milano's biggest move well protected.

NWA International Light Heavyweight Title: CIMA v. Milano Collection A.T. (c) from Vamonos Amigos #44

Milano has the second best entrance in Toryumon. TOKYO's gets the nod for campiness, but he lacks the bevy of HOT ASS models leading him to ringside. He also wouldn't have carried CIMA to this good of a singles match. I dunno what happened to CIMA. He hadn't had a good singles match in the year leading up to this, after pushing out a ton of

good matches by the age of 25. I blame the expansion of Toryumon and the pushing of the trios concept which, while producing good matches, has left the top guys lacking in experience in singles matches. So they fall back on their trios spots, and their trios transitions, and their trios selling. This generally doesn't make for good singles matches. Milano can get lost in the ring, and some of his spots look awkward from time to time, but he knows exactly when to cut CIMA off, and when to let him reel off his spots, and it makes the match. This isn't a great match. CIMA falls back into some of his bad habits, and Milano looks bad just releasing a couple of his bigger submissions, but the good far outweighs the bad, and the finish is really great, and keeps Milano's biggest move well protected.

Shaun Boyle

Shaun Boyle should be the student speaker. That he is not, is an international tragedy. He's a solid power forward and cherry picker. And his Div III is not a giant maze. I salute you, Shaun Boyle.

Ficom v. Community Council: This really needs a knife fight

Look, unless community council plans on burning the midnight oil and doing established group

funding themselves, they should just let Student Affairs do its job and leave FiCom alone to do theirs. Yes, FiCom is most likely in violation of its bylaws. Hey, maybe there was some shady funding going on, maybe it's possible Hampshire students in positions of political power don't always act in the most ethical manner one would hope. Of course, that has never happened in the history of council. Maybe council wasn't a complete joke for my entire tenure of Hampshire. Maybe Council didn't spend an entire semester trying to decide how whether or not they were gonna make decisions based on unanimous vote (Unanimous decisions have never worked for any cameral body in the history of civilization). They spent a semester before they realized that. A SEMESTER. Seriously. Think about that.) Look, if you can't control your OWN FUCKING SUBCOMMITTEE you need to shut up. Stop whining, read your own goddamn bylaws, then do whatever the hell you want. But don't pretend like this reorganization of student government hasn't been attempted every year I've been here. Has it worked yet? The answer is no. Does that mean you shouldn't try? The answer is yes.

Until next time

Enjoy HIAIGEI!
Volume 6.



BY JEFFREY PATERNOSTRO

(THIS COMIC IS A SATIRICAL LOOK AT COLLEGIATE COMICS E.D.)

YEAH

So SUWA, THIS DIVING COMBOS FEELS LIKE SUCK.

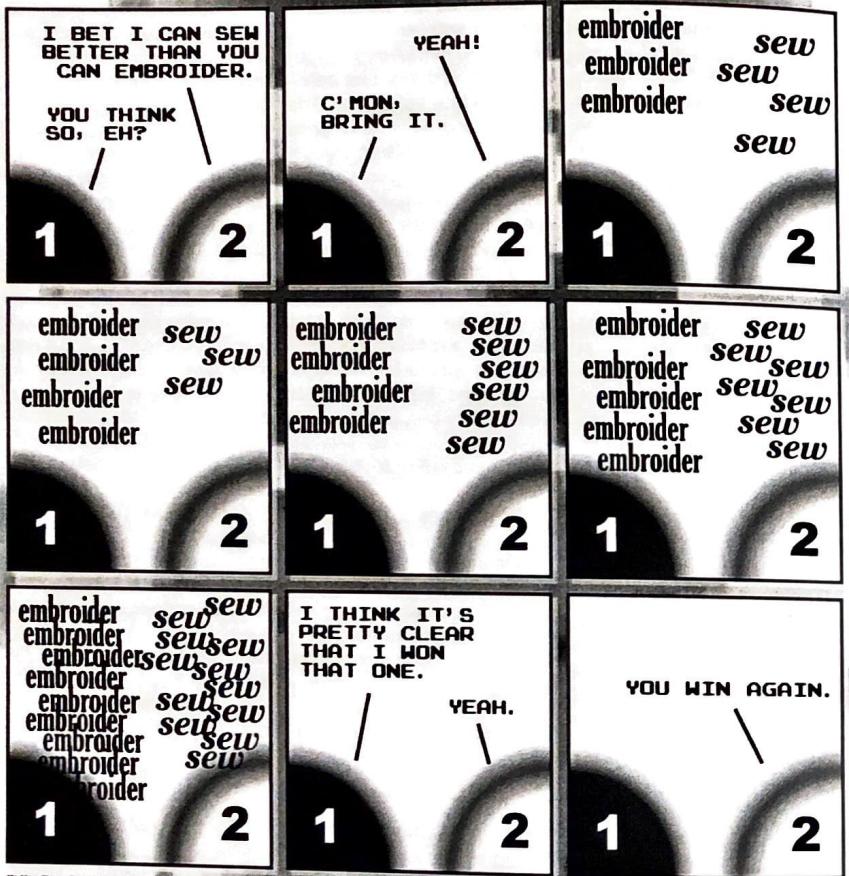
AM I SUPPOSED TO READ OFF THAT CUE CARD?



DEATH TO THE EXTREMIST XLVII

by M. Zole

by: Michael Zole



PICK THAT UP AND PUT THAT DOWN

WWW.ZOLE.ORG

STICK THAT NOSE ON THAT THERE CLOWN

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stone-cold sober. I'M NOT DRUNK! Where'd I put my rifle anyway... (Also, Jeff has consistently been the idealist center of the OMEN, reminding us precisely where we should stand.)

The Unwashed Masses. Lastly, thank you to all of the contributors, any and everyone who showed up for meetings or helped in the slightest way in securing yet again our position as the only source of the alphabet you're willing to read while eating. Or while going to the bathroom. Or to use to prop the wobbly kitchen table in your mod.

The OMEN loves you.



THANK YOU . . .

WHAT TYPE OF HAMPSTER ARE YOU?

What type of Hampster are you? An excercise in anger management by Mona Weiss and Jesse Frola

Where do you live?

- Enfield
- Merrill
- Greenwich
- Prescott
- Dakin
- Off-Campus
- in a cardboard box in the woods

Are your pants made out of more than one piece of fabric?

- No.
- Technically, yes. All pants are.
- I made them myself with corduroy and velvet and tye-dye!
- I'm not wearing any pants...I'm wearing a skirt. Jerk.

Smell yourself. You smell like...

- Sweat
- Pot/Patchouli
- Old Spice
- Gamer
- Wet Dog
- Nothing, because your sense of smell has been destroyed by your coke habit
- Blackberry Brandy

It's 10:15 on a Saturday night. Where are you?

- Getting piss-drunk
- Looking at thumbzill . . . uh . . . CNN.com.

-Studying, of course!

- Sobering up for the drug-binge
- At a protest

-Jerking off, but i'll tell everyone i'm getting laid

- LARPing, the gamer equivent of group sex (all holes filled with hot dice)

-Sucking off Jeff Lord

--Watching that intense reality show with that city getting bombed

-Putting a fresh coat of polish on my frisbee

It's time for class on Monday morning. Do you...

-Go attend your class on race/class/gender issues

--Can't go; you're still in jail from Saturday's protest

-Class? What the fuck is that?

--Are too drunk to get up

--Get up, eat a hearty SAGA breakfast, and arrive to class a full fifteen minutes early with an open notebook and an open mind

--Roll over and go back to sleep

--Roll a d20 to determine the day's schedule --Check your email/IMs the second you get up

The fire alarm goes off.

You are...

- In the shower
- Masturbating

- Old Spice
- In the shower, masturbating

- Gamer
- Having sex; ignoring the alarm

- Wet Dog
- Playing Smash Brothers

- Watching Conan the Barbarian (with commentary)
- Doing my homework, of course!

- Sleeping, dammit

- Not in my room; I'm at an anti-war meeting
- Causing the fire alarm (WE ALL WANT YOU TO DIE)

Your HACU Div I art project consists of...

- Smearing yourself with menstrual blood

- Fuck HACU; IA is the way to be!
- Computer animation

--a detailed paper on religious art through the middle ages...you can't draw for shit

--a last minute temporary piece, consisting of rocks, sticks, and duct tape on the floor of the art barn

--a five-minute film in your attempt to be more pretentious than your video I professor

Your favorite club is...

- Red Scare
- Stop the War
- The Climax (you fucking idiot)
- Excalibur
- WWC
- The Omen

In your free time you...

- Are busy growing your armpit hair to defy gender stereotypes
- Are chalking up the campus to spread your political ideals
- Furiously Masturbate
- Play Morrowind
- Free time?

Your Halloween costume was...

- Unreal Tournament Avatars (You just slaughtered that guy!)
- A penis

- A naked person (Saran-Wrap optional)
- Mostly duct tape

- A cute fairy
- My costume? I was dressed up as a drunken asshole.

It's Prospective Student's Day. The prospies and their parents are touring the campus. What are you doing?

- Experiencing sweet, sweet self-love
- Showing off your natural beauty...naked

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--Beating the fuck out of your friends with foam padded tubes
--Bleeding, because you've been hit with a chair
--Bringing public activism to a new (and highly annoying) level
--Writing "I am not a manure farmer" all over campus
--Aerial Aquatic Bombardment
--Leading blindfolded, barefooted prospies into the maze and leaving them there
--Prospies? I'm too busy getting high in the pretty bouncy castle!
--My Div III, you slacking fuck. Get out of my room.

And now that you've tallied your results in whatever creative fashion you see fit, you may view the fortune-cookie inspired evaluations of your archetypal stereotype.

Overactive Activist: You don't care what you're protesting, as long as it is very creative, large-scale, and isolated in the Hampshire bubble. Love Interest: Julio, the Zapatista Lieutenant. Possible Div III: The Objectified "Other:" an outdoor installation. **Fencer:** Although you may protect the campus from ninjas and pirates, for people who handle rapiers, you have NO wit. Love Interest: Whoever you woke up

next to after a night of drunken revelry. Possible Div III: Homeric Renaissance Literature in the Middle Ages. **Star Student:** As far as I'm concerned, you don't exist. Love interest: You're probably "waiting" for you and your imaginary girlfriend to get married. Possible Div III: Multiple Div IIIs, all of which are connected in your Div IV. **Virtuous Vegan:** Though you personally feel close to enlightenment, the rest of the world sees you as a goddamned waste of oxygen. Go back to your broccoli. Love Interest: Cucumber and/or pumpkin with a hole in it. Possible Div III: Research in artificial tofu, so you don't hurt the beans. **Dirty Hippie:** Though you personally feel close to enlightenment, the rest of the world sees you as a goddamned waste of oxygen. Hey, maybe you should hook up with a vegan. Love Interest: Aforementioned Vegan. Possible Div III: A holistic approach to cannabis through eco-feminist architecture. **Geeky Gamer:** Ha, you geek. Good luck getting any at all...eh, who am I kidding? You're probably getting laid more than the rest of the campus. Combined. Incidentally, that's probably why your hall smells like shit. Love Interest: STFU. Possi-



by: Zak Kaufman

4 YEARS AT HAMPSHIRE

Year 1:
Congo, got thin, watched TV, freaked out, div 1's, lonely, found some friends, joined the Omen

Year 2:

G-2, Darwin's Kids, comic books, Jan term, video 1, Holyoke Girl, Jymm Gifford, friends, middle room, Pigs

Year 3:

5 College, Jymm, Baba Hillman, Justin Hates Jesse, withdrawals, crazy bitch, div 2

Year 4:

Mexico, super heroes, div 3, my girl, California, Braak, Shaun Boyle, FREAK, superman, Enfield



POPPING THE BUBBLE

by: Ali Hartley

There are so many things that we don't know in this world. We don't know where the US puts its money, we don't know how TV's change channels. Hell, most of us don't even know how the new Div one system works. It gets worse the closer you get to your personal life. Your pet rat could be out for your blood. The guy beside you could be jerking off to thoughts of someone else. Lynn Miller could be contemplating suicide. Who knows? We live in ignorance in almost every facet of our lives. Some of this is necessary. If we were omniscient, then we would be God. And no one from Hampshire should ever be God. But I have always believed that whenever possible, it's important to know the truth, however painful or horrible it may be.

That, said, I don't enjoy being snowed. Boys lie, girls cheat, the world spins it's history. But my college should not lie to me. Hampshire has always tried to whitewash its reputation. To incoming students, it simultaneously promotes our independent lifestyle and restricts us to politically correct forms of expression. That's necessary for an institution that tries to appeal to both the

student and the parent. Once we're here, though, I want to know the awful truth about Hampshire. I want to know about the cow smell and the pretentiousness and the painful lack of faculty. I want to know how safe I really am.

I thought Brett Engle's articles "the Streets of Eternity" and "We are Nothing" were horrible. I support free speech in all its forms, but I never thought a Hampshire student would print something like that. I don't think it was interesting or provocative or naughty. I don't think it was even well written. This last article was one of the first that made me truly question my position on free speech. So I delved into the chewy tootsie roll center of my heart and I decided something.

If you hate women, if you hate puppies, if you want to fuck my grandmother up the ass with a rusted beer can, I would rather know. I want to know what people are thinking. I want to know if people are thinking about my grandma in that way, so I can head them off on the way to RI. I want to know that people like that are out there, so I can take the proper precautions. I want to know how dangerous my environment

is, and how dangerous it could be. The fact that someone could spend 2-3 hours writing such an article shocked me, and showed me how sheltered I have been.

If Greg Prince has his way, this stuff will not be let out to the masses. People shouldn't have to see this, he says, especially rape victims. No we shouldn't. But we need to. We need to know that it's here, in Hampshire, among us. That people are fantasizing about raping girls, and being raped by girls. Making us edit these articles is tantamount to lying. We would be pretending that people like that don't exist, couldn't exist in Hampshire. And I would rather know. For me, personally, I would rather know what my fellow students are thinking.

Of course, we have the right of free speech. This should be printed, along with anything else that is submitted to the Omen (As long as it's submitted by a member of the community, with their name on it, without being libelous or defamatory) But that's not what this article is about. The right to print the article should never be questioned. This is about my right to read it.



BY JEFFREY PATERNOSTRO

MY PRODUCER IS A BIG D.B.
SWEENEY FAN.

THIS IS HUMILIATING.



H!A!G!E! VOLUME 7

ADobe INDESIGN KEEPS
CHANGING MY FONT

BEING SELF-REFERENTIAL DOES
NOT MAKE YOU COOL.

BUT I'M TRYING TO BE
CUTTING EDGE.

WHY DOES THE CUE
CARD SAY "THAT WAS
A GOOD MOVIE?"

BETH DAY COOKS! (BAKES!)

